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MEMOIR

By Rev. William Seymour

OF

GEORGE SHEPARD BOLTWOOD,

WHO DIED AT AMHERST, MASS.

JULY 19, 1833.

Aged six years and two months.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL
SOCIETY, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE
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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is proper to state, that the following biographical notice was prepared for publication in the Sabbath School Visiter. This will account for its brevity; it being the writer's object, to abridge and condense as much as possible.

On receiving the manuscript, the Editor thought it too long to be published in one number of the Visiter; and that it would detract much from its interest, to publish it in several different numbers. After suitable consultation, it was deemed best to publish it in its present form, should the parents of the little boy and the writer of his Memoir consent. Their permission was obtained; and with it a few additional circumstances and facts, which they left to be arranged according to the discretion of the

EDITOR.

MEMOIR.

GEORGE SHEPARD BOLTWOOD was born April 30th, 1827. He was favored with pious parents, who seem to have felt, to an unusual degree, that their children were given them to be trained up for heaven, and to be transferred to that blest abode, whenever He, who gave them, should see fit to remove them thither. Their early and faithful instructions, together with a quick understanding, and a retentive memory, soon secured for him a degree of intellectual and moral improvement much above his years. When a year and a half old, he began to listen with interest to his mother, as she talked to an older brother, and told him the

stories of Moses, and Joseph and his brethren. As he grew older, he took still more interest in such stories, as they were related to himself; and, at three years of age, he was familiar with most of the stories both in the Old and New Testament.

In early life, and so long as he lived, *love of the Bible* was a striking trait in his character. Nothing, that could be read to him, had such a charm as Bible stories. When the mother in reading to the children, left the choice of a book to them, it was rarely the case, that George did not say, 'read in the Bible, mother;' and when the perusal of a book of her own choice failed to secure his attention, she had only to take up the Bible in its stead, and she was sure of having in him an attentive and interested listener.

He commenced going to school at three years of age, and made rapid advancement. He learned to read in a few months, and soon became interested in Geography, Natural History, and Arithmetic. He was very fond of his school, and of his school books; and his progress in all his studies was remarkable. His knowledge of Geography, Arithmetic, and History especially, was quite unusual, for a child of his age. He seems, very early, to have possessed a singular care and readiness in expressing his thoughts.

Before he could write himself, he used to request his friends to pen his compositions for him, which he would carry to school, and read with the older scholars.

‘Come mother,’ he would say, ‘do write me a composition. I’ll tell you

what to write ;' and as she wrote, she was often surprised at the manner in which he expressed himself. But in school it was religious instruction with which he seemed most pleased. He committed to memory a great many hymns ; and the scripture cards of the infant school were his delight—yet he was not a gloomy and unsocial boy. He was as fond of play and society as his books. When detained from school by stormy weather or sickness, he would amuse himself alternately with his playthings, and his books ; now, fitting his blocks into a house, or a bridge ; and now, perusing his Bible, or some other book, ' selecting certain parts and reading them over and over again, so as almost to be able to say them without the book.' In his out-door sports, the writer has often witnessed his

cheerfulness, and apparent enjoyment ; and his little playmates, who often shared with him, the gifts of kind friends, while he lived, and who bear him in affectionate remembrance since his death, can testify to the generosity of his disposition, and the warmth of his attachments. George had a little sister, two years younger than himself, to whom he gave many proofs of affection. When he was four years old, this sister was attacked with the canker rash in its worst form. George and his mother were sick, at the same time. In the anxiety of the family for his sister, he was often left alone upon his bed, for a long time. Feeling that it was right and necessary, he cheerfully acquiesced, and made his book his companion, and forgot that he was alone. He was often heard reading

whole hymns and chapters, of his own selection.

The sister died. George, now partially recovered, was able to be present, and witness the death-bed scene : it made an impression upon his tender mind, which was never erased. His grief, though manly, was deep ; and ever after, showed itself, whenever anything occurred to remind him of his departed sister. He always spoke of her, however, not as a lifeless corpse, but as an immortal spirit. He often said : ‘ Fanny ’ (that was his sister’s name,) ‘ Fanny is a spirit now ; we cannot see *her*, but we do not know but *she* can see *us*. She has gone to God. She has been washed in the blood of Christ.’ During the illness, which confined him to the house for some weeks after the death of Fanny, scarce a day

passed, in which he did not, oftentimes and of his own accord, say something about her. After reading the parable of the rich man and Lazarus one day, he said to his mother: ‘I suppose Fanny has gone to Abraham’s bosom: do you think she can look down into hell, and see the rich man; and do you think he can look up and see her?’ Soon he added: ‘Mother, it won’t do us any good, if we do’nt go to heaven, to look up and see Fanny—we must go where she is.’ As he was reading, at another time, about Jonah’s gourd that withered, he looked up to his mother and said: ‘Mother, that gourd was just like Fanny—*she* withered just so.’

When able to go abroad again, he rode out in a new carriage, which Fanny had talked about riding in, before she died. ‘Father,’ said he, ‘Fanny

used to say she wanted to ride with papa in his new carriage ; but she would'nt come back to ride now if she could. She is a great deal happier now than she would be here—she is with God in heaven.' About this time, he altered a prayer, of his own accord, which he had been taught to say, so as to include a petition to be washed in the blood of Christ ; and a night or two after, he told an older brother, ' that he never could go to heaven, unless he was washed in the blood of Christ ; and that, if he did not *ask* to be washed, he never would be.'

It was not long before he had a second attack of his disease, and fears were expressed to him that he was going to be very sick, and perhaps to die. He said, ' he was willing to die, if God thought best.'

His aunt who took care of him, a week or two, in his mother's absence, during this illness, was reading aloud, one day, the little hymn beginning :

'Lord what is life—'Tis like a flower,
That blossoms, and is gone ;
It flourishes its little hour
With all its beauty on.
Death comes, and like a wintry day,
It cuts the little flower away.' *

When his aunt had finished reading this with two other verses containing similar ideas, he exclaimed : ' That's just like Fanny. Aunt E. won't you write off those verses, and fold them up, and put Fanny's name on the back of them—they are *so like* her.' As it began to grow dark, one evening, he said : ' Fanny has no need of the sun, or the moon, God is her light.'

Ever after this sickness, he had a presentiment, that he should not live to

* See hymn at the close.

manhood. When told of things he would do, when he was grown up, he would often say : ‘ I shan’t live to be a man, I shall die before that :’ and when his friends were planning for the morrow, he would sometimes warn them, by saying : ‘ How do you know you shall live till to-morrow ?’

Once in the course of the summer, when speaking of his money, he said, ‘ When I die, mother, I should like to have you give part of it to the missionaries ; and the rest you may take to buy a ring, and have my hair put into it.’

From this time, he was fond of selecting hymns upon death and the judgment ; and he was rarely known to take up the Sabbath School Hymn Book, without reading the hymn beginning :

‘ Death has been here and borne away’*

* See hymn at the close.

The hymn before it was also a favorite.

His much loved hymn book still remains in possession of the family ; and is highly valued as a memorial of the departed son and brother. It is truly an interesting relic—interesting in itself, and interesting as a memorial of him, that loved and used it so much. It is not torn, or marked, or scribbled, or needlessly soiled : but it is almost literally *worn out* by use ; and nothing could furnish more striking or pleasing testimony to his fond and frequent perusal of the little volume.

A little brother that was added to the family, after the death of his sister, he regarded as filling her place. As the little one was recovering from a fit of sickness, when a few months old, George said : ‘ you are a dear little babe ;

but your mother must not love you too well.' The force of this remark was felt by the mother at the time, as showing the dangerous situation of an idolized child ; but it thrilled through the heart with far greater power, when George was gone, and *the babe, only a few days after*, was torn from her embrace by relentless death.

On commencement day he said : ' Mother, we had no little brother last commencement, and we don't know as we shall have him next commencement.'

George commenced attending *Sabbath School*, at the age of three years and a half. His teachers loved him, and he loved them in turn, and regarded them as a kind of standard ; and quoted them for authority. Some of them spoke of his docility, and re-

markable love and knowledge of the scriptures, during his life ; and they all remember him now, as a boy, affectionate, intelligent, and serious above his companions, and far above his years. The preparation of his lessons was not a task, but a delight. He was accustomed to get his Bible and question book, and go to his father, and ask him to get his lesson with him ; and his father found him not a burden but an assistance in preparing his *own* lessons, as a *teacher*. The readiness, simplicity and appropriateness, with which he would answer a question, or express the meaning of a verse, were as profitable to the *teacher*, as they were surprising and gratifying to the father.

He was always anxious to attend the Sabbath School. To be detained from it, a single Sabbath, was a hardship.

He was also much interested in the Sabbath School concert; and often wanted to know how old he must be, before he could attend constantly. He went several times, before he died; and generally asked to go. It was not enough for his mother, who was a constant attendant, to say that she would tell him the stories that were related, when she came home. He said 'he was afraid she would not tell him *all* that was said.'

Love of the Bible, has been mentioned as a striking characteristic of George. When he read for himself, the Bible was most frequently the book of his choice; and when his friends read to him: 'read in the Bible,' was generally his request. In the early part of his short life, stories from the old Testament seemed to interest him most.

As soon as he had become familiar with figures, and had learned to find places in the Bible, by the chapter and verse, he used to sit down, with Emerson's historical Catechism before him, and the Bible in his hand, and look out all the passages referred to under the pictures; and read them, till most of the incidents were treasured up in his memory.

As he grew older, the *parables* became a favorite portion of the Bible. The last year of his life, especially, he devoted much time and attention to those heavenly instructions, which 'dropped like the rain, and distilled as the dew,' from the lips of our Savior. He was particularly pleased when he found in the S. S. Library, a little work explaining the parables. He kept the book sometime; and used

to take his Bible, and read the parables and ask his mother to read the explanations. In the warmth of his admiration, he exclaimed, more than once : ‘ Mother ! when our Sabbath School lesson comes on the parables, what a fine book this will be to help us get our lessons.’

The following incident will illustrate his knowledge of the Bible, and his readiness in applying that knowledge.

When about four years of age, the book of Jonah, was a favorite ; and he read it, till he could repeat almost the whole of it. While visiting a friend, with his father, about this time, some one present related an account of a man in New Bedford, who a short time before, was swallowed by a whale. George heard the story with intense interest, and then asked, if the man was

killed. Being told he was, he immediately inquired, with great surprise and eagerness : ‘ *Why did’nt he Pray !*’

Next to the Bible, the Pilgrims Progress was the book he valued most. He first met with the abridged form, in the S. S. Library, and read it through a number of times, in the course of the season. Before he was five, the large volume was put into his hands ; for awhile he read it all the time—his whole soul was engaged in it ; and, even when he had laid it aside for a season of play, he would be asking for the explanation of it. ‘ Mother,’ he would sometimes say, ‘ it don’t really mean, that Christian was a man, who went this long *journey*, and left all his friends behind, but it means to tell us of a man who wanted to go *heaven*, and so he gave up all for God ; and

these are the troubles he met with, as he went to the Celestial City.'

'I have seen him,' says his mother, 'sit for an hour, (I don't know but I might say for hours) with his book opened before him, wholly absorbed in its contents, and unconscious of what was passing around him; at times reading aloud any thing that struck him as peculiarly wonderful.'

George was fond of *prayer*, as well as reading, and often connected the two things together. After his mother had complied with his request in reading the Bible, that request was often followed by another: 'Mother now won't you pray with me?' He loved to pray himself. As soon as he could learn any thing, he was taught forms of prayer; and, as he grew older, and thought and felt more upon religious

subjects, he altered those forms, and added to them, according to his feelings and wants. He prayed for others as well as himself; and, whether he prayed for himself or his friends, in the latter part of his life, he always, of his own accord, offered the petition, 'that they might be washed in the blood of Christ.' 'Washing in the blood of Christ,' was his favorite expression, when he wished to convey the idea of purity and holiness.

George was a benevolent child. That benevolence, which shone so brightly in his death, was kindled and cherished in early life. We have already seen, that 'the missionaries' were made heirs of a considerable portion of his little property, in a verbal will, which he made under the presentiment that he had not long to live. He was

fond of hearing missionary stories. He was once very much interested in hearing an address which was made in the meeting-house, by a native Cherokee. He carried his purse, and when the box was passed for a contribution turned it inside out, to make sure of giving *all* he had. The system of monthly contribution in the Sabbath School was welcomed by him when first introduced; and it found him a more than willing contributor while he lived.

He exhibited a very kind and generous disposition, both in the family and among his playmates. When any thing good was given him, he frequently proposed to divide it into halves; and, having given one half to his oldest brother, then to subdivide the other half for his Father and Mother. If he had an orange, he wanted it cut

into as many pieces as there were persons in the house ; and his little play-mates, who shared his amusements, were generally certain of a share in his enjoyments.

He was rarely, if ever, known to harbor resentment. Sometimes he seemed to feel an injury keenly for a moment ; but was soon reconciled, and perhaps, ready to give a part of what he loved to the one, who had injured his feelings.

His teacher has often remarked on his strict adherence to truth, as a striking trait in his character. She never knew him guilty of falsehood, however strong the temptation might be. When he had done wrong, he was easily made to see and to confess it ; and always seemed to love his parents and teach-

ers the more, when they reproved or punished him for his faults.

We now come to the brightest scene in the history of little George : so I *call the death-bed scene* ; and so it *was*, for ‘the path of the just shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.’ His constitution was, naturally, rather feeble : the disease had probably long been preying upon his vitals ; and now was about to strike its fangs to the heart. The incidents of his last sickness cannot be detailed, though they would be interesting, as they would occupy too much space. Such parts only will be given as seem to illustrate his character and the grace of God. That he was in much pain, at times through his sickness, is obvious from exclamations like this, extorted from

him; ‘O my little hands, my little hands, they ache, they ache.’ Yet he discovered no impatience, and seemed to think quite as much of the trouble of his friends as of his own sufferings.

So long as he could bear his own weight, he would allow none of the family to be disturbed for his sake, during the night; but would have his drinks &c., placed where he could help himself. When his sickness was spoken of, he always said: ‘God made him sick and he had a right to do so.’

After disease had made great progress in wasting his little frame, his affectionate and benevolent heart felt for others, and flowed out in expressions of love and good will to all.

‘I love my father and mother,’ he said, ‘I love my friends. I love every body in the world.’

On sabbath afternoon, only a week after he had attended Sabbath School, he was suddenly taken with choaking. He now took his mother by the hand, and, with great earnestness, said :

‘Mother, I shall die—I shall choke to death.’ He recovered from this attack, only to suffer a more violent one, about the same time the next day. He then seemed near suffocation ; and, when apparently almost gone, he said :

‘Mother I’m going to die—I shall go to heaven.’ ‘I can’t breathe,’ he continued, ‘I shall die before the doctor comes—I should like to get well.’ When his mother told him, ‘God could relieve and make him well ; but if he saw fit to take him away, she hoped he felt willing,’ he assented, and seemed to feel that God would do what was right and best. On a partial

recovery from this distressing attack, his mother commenced repeating the verse : ‘ The Lord is our Shepherd,’ he quickly finished it by saying :

‘ I shall not want.’ She proceeded :

‘ Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death :’ he added, with much emphasis :

‘ I will fear no evil.’

While disease was racking his frame, and was soon to lay it in ruins, he felt much anxiety on learning that his oldest brother was somewhat ill, at his grandmother’s near by ; and he could not be easy, till he saw him at his side. And then, as the warmest affection was binding him to his brother and other dear friends, who were gathered around his bed, he was asked, ‘ which he loved most, father and mother, or

the Saviour?’ He immediately replied, ‘the Saviour.’ ‘Well, which would you rather do, live here with father and mother, or go and live with Christ?’ ‘Go and live with Christ,’ was his prompt reply.

His mother asked him, ‘if she should tell all the Sabbath school children to love Jesus Christ?’ he said, ‘yes;’ ‘and all your little playmates?’ ‘yes.’

Wishing to ascertain whether he would now confirm the disposal which, in anticipation of an early death, he had wished to have made of his money, his friends asked him what should be done with his money, when he was gone; ‘shall some of it be given to Mr. Perkins to carry to the heathen?’*

* Rev. Justin Perkins was superintendent of the Sabbath School in Amherst, some part of the time, while George was a member of it. He has now gone as a Missionary to the Nestorians.

With much satisfaction he answered, 'yes.' 'How much shall we give him?' '*Give him all,*' was his emphatic answer.

His money amounted to twelve dollars; and that is now in the hands of Mr. Perkins, winging its way towards Persia, laden, perhaps, with untold blessings to successive generations of Nestorian children. Having learned to be benevolent in health, George was benevolent in sickness—benevolent to the last. May those children, who read his little Memoir, go and *do* like him, that they may also *die* like him; and may parents, who read it encourage and stimulate their children to do so, that should their little ones early be removed, they may have that unspeakable satisfaction which now enables the

parents of George, though sorrowing much, to 'rejoice evermore.'

In his last hours, George loved the Bible, and felt the value of his knowledge of it more than ever before. When his strength had failed, and his eyesight had gone, his memory was stored with its truth, and his heart full of its consolation. Again and again did he repeat passages like these: 'Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' 'He shall lead his flock like a shepherd, shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.' The hymns, too, which he had learned in the family and the Sabbath school, were often repeated by him, and af-

forded him much comfort, especially the following :

‘ See Israel’s gentle Shepherd stand ; ’ *

and,

‘ God moves in a mysterious way.’ *

This last was sung at the funeral of his sister, and he was ever after peculiarly fond of it.

He loved prayer to the end. Whenever a minister or pious friend visited him, he wished them to pray with him before leaving the room, and once or twice, while the family only were in the room, he said, of his own accord : ‘ all pray ; ’ and he seemed to join in the prayer, while his father commended him to God.

His hope was in Jesus. A clergyman, who visited him a few days before his death, when he first came into

* See hymns at the close.

the sick room, asked him, ‘what he was thinking about.’ He answered,

‘About Jesus Christ.’

He often said he loved the Saviour, because he died for sinners; and unless he was washed in his blood, he could not go to heaven. And when the example of dying Stephen was suggested to him, he commended his spirit to the Saviour, in the following original and emphatic manner:

‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit—Lord Jesus, receive my heart—Lord Jesus receive my soul.’ The suffering of Christ in the garden and on the cross, were mentioned to him; and afterwards, his mind dwelt much on them, and he was heard to say in broken accents:

‘The crown—the thorns—precious blood—he died for sinners.’ Once only,

he seemed to lose, for a short time, his confiding sense of the presence of his Saviour. In an agony of distress for want of breath, he had said :

‘ I want to be well.’ His mother told him, that the Saviour only could help him, and he must pray to *him*. With much feeling, he replied :

‘ If I do, he don’t hear me.’ Shortly after, however, when asked if he felt that he loved the Saviour, he replied, ‘ yes ;’ and repeated some of his favorite verses.

Heaven, also, and his departed sister were soon spoken of, and he exclaimed :

‘ Yes, Fanny is there, and Mr. Washburn * is there, and a great many little boys are there, and a great many little

* His beloved minister, whom, a short time before, he had seen carried to his grave.

girls not bigger than I; the angels are there too, and the Saviour is there.'

It has been remarked, that next to the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress was the book of his choice. He had not seen the book for months before, yet, near his end, his mind was full of its glowing imagery. For two or three hours he seemed to fancy himself journeying and approaching 'the celestial city;' and at intervals during that period, among many others that were lost, the following detached expressions were distinctly heard:

'I'm in the river Jordan—I'm up to my knees—I'm up to my chin—Help, Jesus, help! help me through. I'm going to heaven—burst the chains—open the gates, the shining gates—I came in at the right gate—I'm going to Mount Zion—I'm waiting—I'm going

—the angels—the celestial city—the gates are open.’

The closing scene was now near. He had talked less than usual, for an hour previous ; he was raised up and supported by pillows, at his father’s side ; he reached out his arm, made an attempt to kiss his father, and said, in a clear, though faint and tender voice :

‘ Farewell, dear father ; meet me in heaven.’ He then reached towards his mother, and, putting his arms around her neck, kissed her, and said :

‘ Farewell, dear mother : meet me in heaven.’ Seeing his grandmother at the foot of the bed, he said :

‘ Farewell, dear grandmother.’ Then looking around the room, he said :

‘ Farewell, all ; all meet me in heaven.’ He said little more, though he

survived sometime. His strength failed rapidly; his breath grew shorter and shorter; he did not struggle, but sweetly fell asleep without a groan, at the age of six years and two months.

To children, this little memoir is full of instruction and warning; to parents and teachers it affords much encouragement; and to all it says, as our Saviour said: ‘Except ye be converted and become as *little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’

That all who read it, may read with profit, is the heart’s desire and prayer of the writer. But, whether they derive any benefit from its perusal or not, God will be honored, and divine grace will shine with fresh lustre, with every new star that is seen to sparkle in the diadem of the Redeemer.

LETTER.

THE following letter was addressed to the parents of little George, soon after his death, by Mr. Perkins. It was written in haste, and designed as a consolatory letter, to be seen only by the bereaved parents and friends: yet, as its preservation will be gratifying to the friends, and its perusal interesting to all, who become interested in the foregoing memoir, we feel justified in publishing it in this connection.

EDITOR.

West Springfield, Aug. 2, 1833.

MR. AND MRS. BOLTWOOD,

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS.

BE assured that I most heartily sympathise with you in your late afflictive bereavement. I was surprized and deeply affected, on my return to Amherst, after an absence of but little more than a week, to be told that

George was no more. I had not known of his illness, till I heard of his death. I met him in the street a little before I left ; I stopped, and conversed with him a moment ; and, I well recollect, that I was much delighted, with his intelligent eye and amiable countenance. That eye has often met my own in the Sabbath School ; and, though it now sleeps in death, its appearance will forever remain indelibly engraven upon my memory.

I speak, my Friends, of your bereavement *as afflictive* ; but can we really regard the providence such, which has, thus early, transplanted that lovely flower from a land of darkness, of sorrow, and of tears, to the fair Paradise above ? There it will open, and brighten, and bloom, with unchecked

and ever increasing lustre ; and shine a brilliant luminary, in the firmament of heaven : still, to the flesh it is painful in the extreme. Your hearts, I know, are bleeding ; but, while you weep, you also rejoice. How rich your sources of consolation.

The developement of spiritual knowledge and religious affection, in little George during his sickness, as I have been informed, are truly wonderful. O! we would not, if we could, pluck such a star from its orbit above ! Let us rather adore the grace that made him what he was, and bow quietly to the will of God in his removal.

As I have suggested, I have been deeply affected in view of all the circumstances pertaining to the sickness and death of George. I could not re-

frain from tears when apprized of his *dying legacy*. The feelings with which I took, from the hand of his father, the *twelve dollars*,—the whole estate of the little saint, bequeathed with so much intelligence and devotedness to the Nestorian mission, are more easily conceived than described. May other children follow his bright example of industry and self-denial to accumulate for Zion; and may this valuable legacy become a rich boon to many Nestorian children, who may repeat the name of little George with rapture on earth; and, by his benefaction, be prepared to attune golden harps to the same anthems of redeeming grace, which he now celebrates in the kingdom above.

That you may be sustained and consoled under this trying dispensation;

and that we may all be admonished by
it to be ever ready for the coming of
our Lord, is the fervent prayer of
yours,

very affectionately

and sincerely

JUSTIN PERKINS.



H Y M N S .

The following hymns are inserted here in full, as illustrating the character and feelings of little George, with whom they were favorite hymns. He scarcely ever took up the hymn book without reading them. These with a few others were his delight in life and his consolation in death. May they prove equally interesting and beneficial to children, who read his little memoir.

The *second* was sung by the S. School of which he had been a member, on the Sabba h immediately succeeding his death.

Oh ! what is life ? 'T is like a flower
That blossoms—and is gone :
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on :—
Death comes—and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

Oh ! what is life ? 'Tis like the bow
 That glistens in the sky :
 We love to see its colors glow—
 But while we look they die :
 Life falls as soon ; to-day 'tis here—
 To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life ?—If spent with thee,
 In humble praise and prayer,
 How long or short our life may be,
 We feel no anxious care :
 Though life depart, our joys shall last
 When life and all its joys are past.

Death has been here, and born away
 A *Brother* from our side,—
 Just in the morning of *his* day,
 As young as we—*he* died.

Not long ago, *he* fill'd *his* place,
 And sat with us to learn :
 But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
 And never can return.

Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast ;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last !

All needful strength is thine to give,
To thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
Oh ! make us fit to die.

See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble names :
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

He'll lead us to the heav'nly streams,
Where living waters flow ;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
While folded in the Saviour's arm,
We're safe from every snare.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

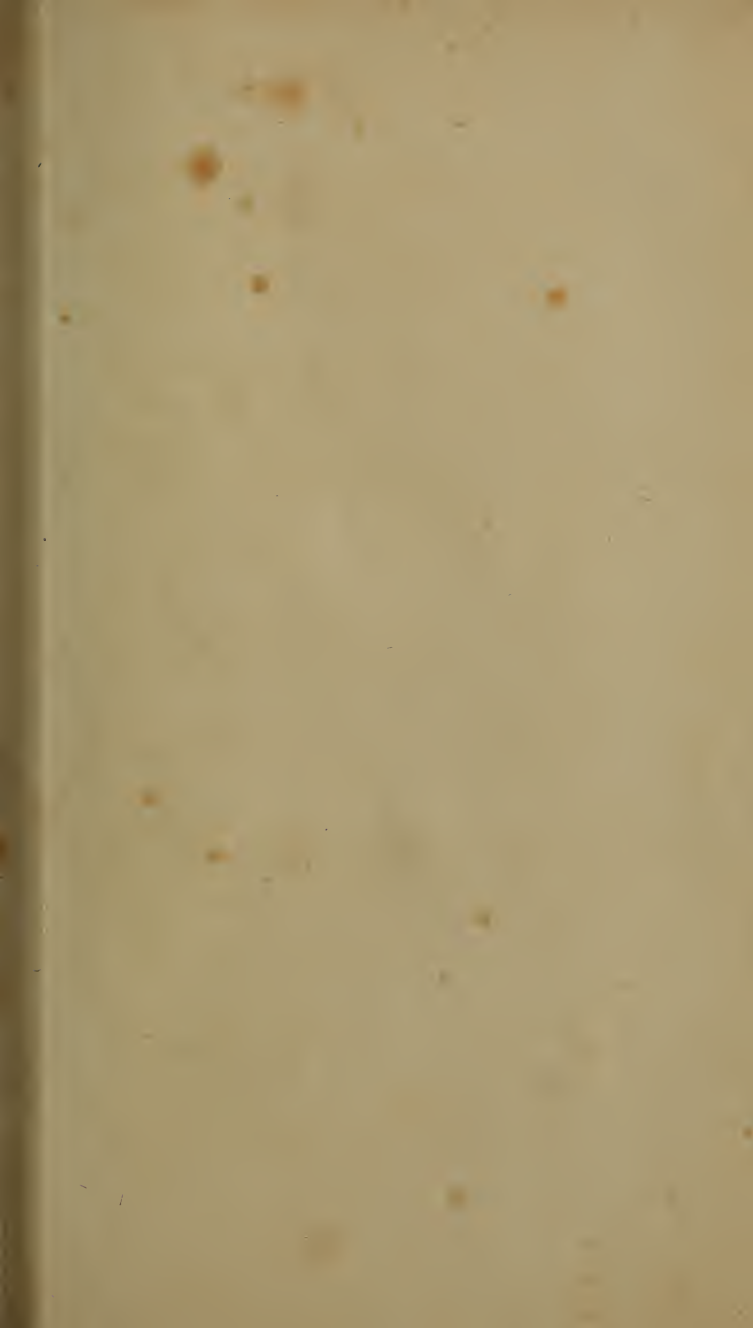
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

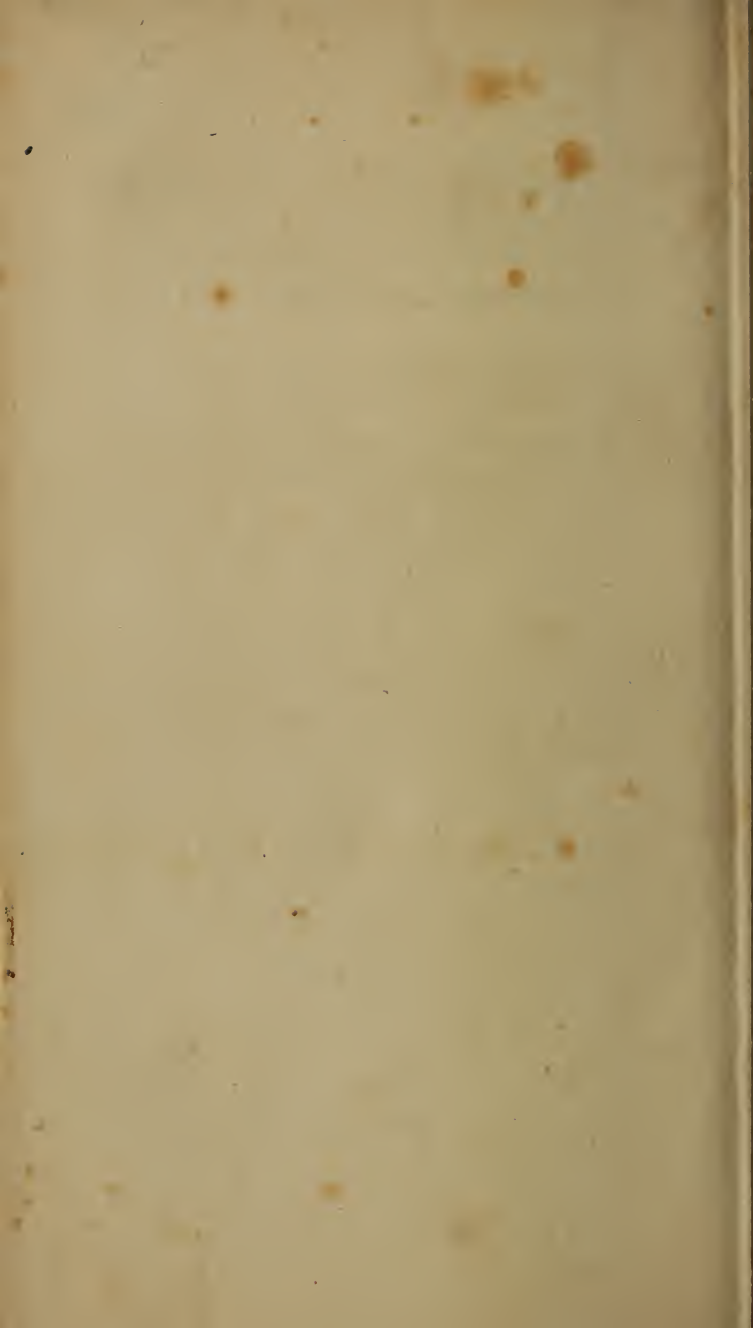
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

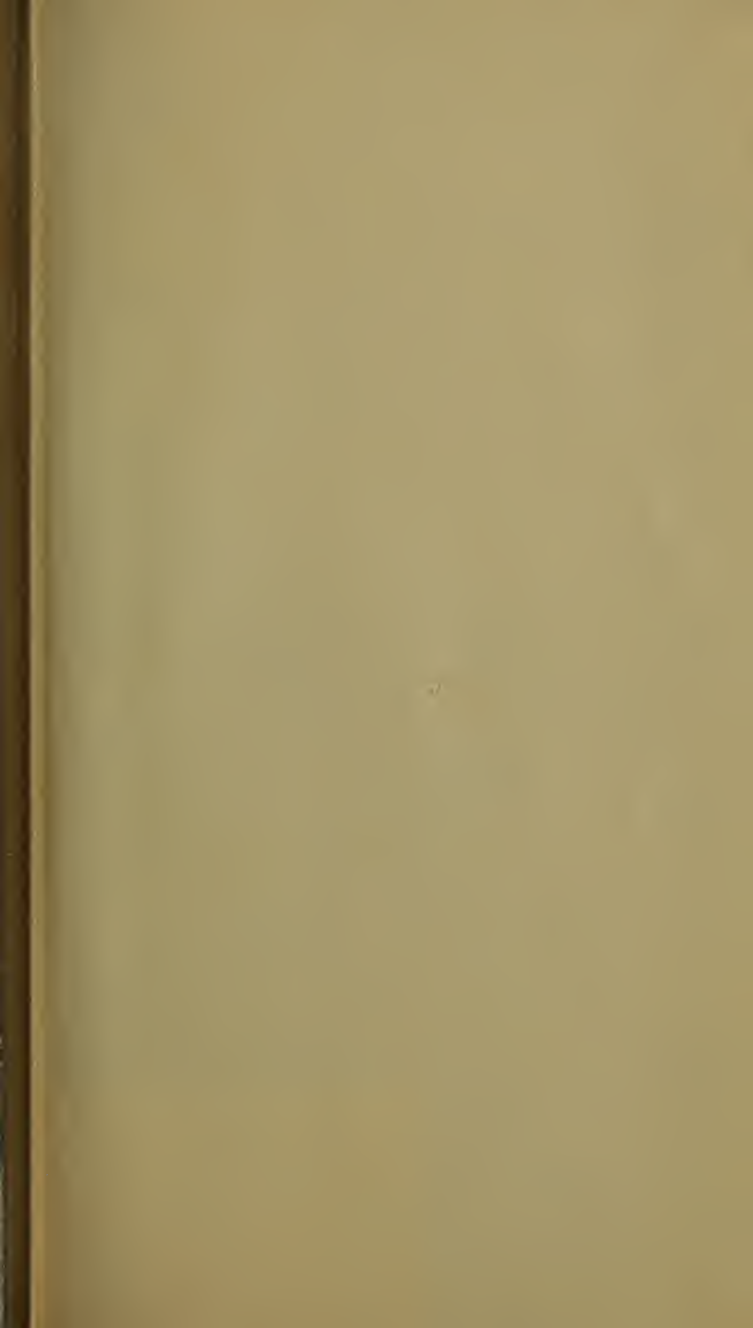
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

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